TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

IN A CORNFIELD.

A GREAT brown field where the planters go,
Steadily walking to and fro,
And each one carries a broad, bright hoe;

At every stroke of the flashing blade,
A bed in the waiting earth is made,
And there the kernels of corn are laid.

Ten days—and green is each long, straight row
That show where the tiny corn-blades grow;
And then the plow must begin to go.

For the weeds are ready to play their part
Like evil thoughts in the human heart,
That never wait for the good to start.

Twenty days more; and the field that was bare
Now looks like a meadow, wide and fair,
As the corn leaves wave in the changing air.

Yet fourscore days—and the forests stand
In tall, straight ranks like an army grand,
On the self-same spot of brown bare land.

And the columns are clothed in fine array
Of nodding plumes and of tassels gay,
And swords of green that have grown in a day.

Of the wonderful mystery who can tell?
For this no less is a miracle,
That every year is wrought so well.

We talk of the sun, the air and the rain,
And the action of heat on the soil and grain,
But the reasoning yet is far from plain.

This beauty must bow to the frost and snow,
And soon the stubble alone will show
Where the stately corn plants proudly grow.

For the time of gathering in is near,
And the ripened stalks and the golden ear
Are the full reward for the toilsome year.
—*Country Gentleman.*

THE VERMONT SCHOOL-'US.

The Observations of a Lightning-rod Agent.

In my travels with my lightning-rod buggy, I frequently had occasion to stop, especially in those densely shaded, circuitous Vermont mountain roads, and inquire my way. I rarely found the farm-houses inhabited. That is to say, during week days. I have passed by farm-house after farm-house and have not noticed a single individual in the yard, at the window, or in the road near by. There may have been some one in the rear of the house, but they always kept themselves decidedly out of my sight and hearing. I do not say this from any desire to reflect upon the singular absence of a desire to purchase lightning-rods, nor do I, in this connection, care to go out of my way to praise the astuteness of the native "Varmounter"—I mention it as a fact. So it happened that I frequently drew up my gorgeously-painted buggy in front of the school-house, or "school-'us," as it is more generally termed. The school-ma'am would come out—generally a pretty, fresh-faced little woman of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts. She would always fail to understand me at first, always say "Haow?"—always come, after a little, and stand, placing one of her chubby hands upon the wheel-tire, and end by talking me half to death. I well remember a fresh June day in 1877; I had driven my jaded horse down the river from Bellows Falls, and desired to impress upon the intelligent citizens of a little town to the north-west of Brattleboro the importance of my patent rod. I knew I should have to turn off the main road somewhere, and exactly where was what I wished to determine.

The day was exquisite. The mountains freshly and richly green. The grand old river rushed full and strong with its spring freshness. The air was in itself inspiring. I had driven at least forty miles already and had sold but one rod, but I was fresh and felt as jolly as the little trout-stream which danced in the sunlight down the hill-side between the great trees, and under the little rattling wooden bridge over which I drove. I came to a little red school-'us, with its woodshed attachment, and pulled up.

The children, only four, were breaking out of school. They endeavored to keep up the traditional school-boy custom of romping and shouting as they broke out. They romped and shouted as if there were sixteen of them instead of four. One of the four did not shout, however; he was a tall, handsome fellow, of, I should have said, five and twenty. He was "considerable slicked up," as they say, having upon his head a fashionable round hat, carrying a jaunty cane and wearing a pair of curious knee-breeches. He had a very good-natured, benevolent smile on his face, and had, I discovered, been distributing coppers to his three companions, two little sun-burnt girls and a boy. He blushed a little, this old boy, when I looked at him. Perhaps it was because he thought I looked at him knowingly—in fact my face was on a broad grin. I thought it was extremely probable that this was one of the school-ma'am's many "beaus, as was a-courtin'" her. He looked too genteel for the schoolmaster himself. As he came near me I could see he was a handsome, strong, healthy sun-browned fellow, with a faint attempt at a mustache. He was, however, a little short and curt with me. He said that there was little demand for lightning-rods that way, and directed me in as few words as possible toward the road I wished to take. I got out and pretended to fumble about the harness a little, for I was very desirous of seeing the school-ma'am when she came out. My waiting seemed to make the young fellow irritable. "She is very pretty!" I laughed to myself, and indeed such was the case.

Up in the Green Mountain State they boast of three things; women, horses, and maple-sugar. I am no judge at all of maple-sugar, a fair judge of horses, but if I pride myself upon any thing it is my ability to appreciate and rightly estimate feminine beauty.

The girl who came out from the school-'us, and stood for a moment locking its thick oaken door, was one of those bright, charming persons who, if a little out of place as a steady-going school-ma'am, yet was decidedly interesting, as I could see. She was blushing, too, a little, or rather her face preserved a steady healthful redness. It was evidently a love affair, this—out among the beautiful hills and winding river. As the girl turned, I saw at once that I should have to rank her high, as a very charming, beautiful person, with a graceful, easy carriage, a laughing face, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a rosebud mouth. Not what, when I tended store in Boston, we used to call a "refined beauty," but beauty nevertheless—healthful, gay, charming.

She rolled up her eyes, and laughed when she saw me and the painted lightning-rod buggy.

"Oh," she said, "I declare! what a magnificent conveyance!"

I attributed these words to her "superior" education. I wished she had used others. However, I said, in reply:

"Yes, it is rather magnificent—won't you get in and try it?" I had not the least idea she would accept my invitation.

"Certainly," she said, laughing, "if you'll drive my way!"

The young man looked angry enough to kill me.

"There is a seat behind—for you," I said, desiring to mollify him a little.

"Oh curse your seat behind!" he said.

"Then you can walk, I guess!" laughed the girl—but she was a little angry, too. She evidently did not like his swearing.

"Thanks!" replied the young man. "That is what I intend to do." And he turned on his heel and walked off.

The school-ma'am looked a little disconcerted. However, she got in, and before we had gone very far her joyous, healthful nature had reasserted itself. Before we had gone a mile she began to tell me a good deal about herself. She told me that there was a family from the city stopping over at W——, across the river. That the young man was one of them—the son, that he was a Harvard student. That he was very nice, that he was a very fine Latin scholar, and that he was giving her lessons. She told me that he advised her to take up Greek as well and that she was debating this, and intended to ask the advice of the village minister. That she was very fond of school-teaching, that it did not take very much of her time, and that she had plenty of time to devote to society.

She had hardly finished telling me what she was fond of in her quick, voluble, pretty way, when we came to an inviting-looking farm-house by the side of the road; whose lawn sloped down to the river. Here the school-ma'am requested me to stop.

"I board here," she said. "Isn't it beautiful?"

I gazed down the valley upon the distant smoky hills to the southward. "It is beautiful," I said; "but," resolved not to lose my identity, "it's an awful place for thunder storms!"

"You're right!" she replied, "why! that reminds me. You spoke of the way to T——, we've passed the road long since. I am very sorry!"

The horse stopped in front of the door. He looked very much used up. I had driven him very hard the past week, urging him indifferently up and down the steep roads in search of buyers.

"I am very glad!" I replied. "If I can I will remain here over night, my horse is nearly used up."

The school-ma'am gladly assented. I put my horse up in the large, ample barn, and came into the house. The school-ma'am was up-stairs somewhere. The two old maids who received me soon left me alone in the solemn parlor. In a short time the school-ma'am, whom I now knew as Miss Newman, entered, prettier than ever, in a dark dress and some bright ribbons.

"Do you care to take a short walk before tea?" she asked. I rose gladly, we went out into the tender six o'clock slanting sunlight. There were some clouds in the west, delicate, golden-tinted. She led me down to a knoll above the river; past an apple orchard whose white blossoms were now largely sprinkled upon the ground beneath. We looked down upon the slow moving river. A bend in its bank turned the dark water to the west. The bend was lined by a beach of yellow sand. Opposite rose a huge, unwieldy mass of earth, miscalled, as Miss Newman said, "Mt. Spear." I "branched out" and talked of the beauty of the scene. At last Miss Newman laughed a little and said:

"And yet—you're a lightning-rod man!"

Then we heard a horn blow and went up to the house.

When we returned to the farm-house, we found three old men washing their faces at the pump. They appeared to be farm-hands. Each was over 70. One of them looked up and said, "Whar's brother William?"

"I dunno," replied the one next to him, "onless he's a-plantin' them beans."

"I'll run and fetch him," said Miss Newman, going toward the garden.

"He's hard o' hearin'," said the first speaker. "Ef he want fetched he'd keep a-workin' till 'twas too dark. You be a-sellin' lightnin'-rods, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I'm traveling about trying to sell a few."

"Ye can't sell one here?" said the second man. "Our haouse was struck thirty-three years ago, an' lightnin' never strikes twice in the same spot."

I took out of my pocket a small volume of "Incidents." I read him the sad account of Mr. Higgins, of South Wilbraham. I read feelingly of the neglectful lack of rods upon Mr. Higgins's house and barn. I then gave in glowing detail the description of the lightning as it played about the bed of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, the trundle-bed of their twin children, and the final disappearance of the lightning in a new batch of bread, which was placed upon the kitchen table. I gave as well the interesting details of the funeral, with the remarks at the burying-ground, of Rev. Jonas Childs. But the old men shook their heads.

"Brother William may conclude to buy," said one of them; "Brother William may conclude that the haouse needs a rod, but I cal'late we don't think so."

I closed my book of "Incidents" sadly. One of the old maids came out to us, where we were standing near the pumps.

"Haow's mother?" asked one of the old men.

"She's perty comfortable this evenin'," replied the old maid.

"Don't believe she'll fetch through this time."

"She's a goin' to fetch through—an' you know it, Silas!"

"She haint! Mother's on her las' legs an' you know thet, Cynthy, as well as I do!"

"Come, naow," said another of the old men, moving toward the house, "yeou two is allers fitin' over mother. Mother never gets daown sick but what yeou two gets quarr'lin' over her. Ef she fetches through, she'll fetch through. Ef she don't she won't, that's the end on't."

Miss Newman came up at this moment, followed by Brother William. Brother William was a little older than his brothers, and somewhat more bent. But he seemed to be very "spry," and carried a hoe over his shoulder. We went in to supper.

The school-ma'am and I kept up a pretty lively conversation during the evening meal. After it was over, one of the old maids said to me: "P'raps you'd like to see mother—your smart 'talk' 'ud int'rest her, I 'xpect."

I was ushered into an upper chamber, which had a close, shut-up odor about it. Seated in an arm chair near an open window was a young woman of three and thirty or thereabouts, who bore a striking resemblance to Miss Newman. She was very thin and pale. Her wan face bore evidence of a late stage of consumption.

Before her upon the window-sill stood a vase of flowers, wild June roses. The view from her window was of the distant hazy southern hills. Her cheeks flushed a little as I entered, and two round red spots remained there during the time I sat with her. She could only speak in a whisper. Altogether there was something inexpressibly sad in the pretty, delicate, drawn face.

"You may think mother's rather young," said Cynthy explanatorily, in a whisper after we were seated. "But father married four times. This is his fourth. We all thought thet she wouldn't live long, when she first came to the haouse. But father got kinder struck with her, and would hev his way. Nothin' would hender him. He fetched her home, and 'twant long afor he died and left her a relick. But she won't be a relick long onless she fetches through."

At that moment the school-ma'am entered the room and went up to the sick woman and kissed her. Their features were so similar that it seemed an allegorical picture, when they were near each other, of life and death.

"Miss Newman is her sister," said Cynthy. "That's haow she's here, but she's very independent. She pays her board."

It was a bright moonlight night. I strolled out into the road, not without a certain unconscious desire of catching a glimpse of the fresh-faced school-ma'am somewhere. I lighted a cigar—being now out of sight of the group of old, yet energetic brothers.

I came over a little ascent, and stood a moment upon the brow of the hill; at the foot was a watering-trough, half-hid behind some overhanging boughs. The moonlight fell across the watering-trough between the branches of a huge elm. In the broad white light stood a girl; near her a man in those peculiar trousers I have since learned were called knickerbockers. I saw his arm about her waist—and I, being of course transfixed with horror so that I could not move—saw him kiss her twice! I was near enough to hear what they said. The girl—it was none other than the school-ma'am, held a tin drinking-cup in her hand. She had filled it from the little spout above the trough.

"Well" he said, "you know it now—I love you. Don't you believe me? Don't you know it? Why have I been hanging around the last three weeks? Why was it—that day in church—then that day at the Sunday-school picnic—then those many days when I came to the school-house——"

"You don't really mean it!" she replied, in a trembling voice. "You never mean any thing!" Mary Newman burst into tears.

They were standing quite near the trough.

"I do mean it," said he; "I do love you—and when I graduate——"

A whiff of the blue smoke of my cigar, caught on a light breeze, floated down to them. The school-ma'am scented the strange odor. The young fellow certainly was not smoking.

"Oh," she cried through her tears, "I'm so frightened! There's a man around."

As quickly as possible I walked back to the house without their seeing me. I finished my cigar, and resumed my seat on the settle by the old well. "So ho!" I thought. "The school-ma'am and the student are making it up between them! Is he in earnest? Is he honest? Is he square?"

"Mother Nancy, naow, she wan't no slouch, either!" Jonas was saying, as I resumed my seat.

"Wa'al," replied Brother William, "Mother Nancy was smart, but, after all, takin' things all raound from first to last, Mother 'Tury was 'beout the the likeliest as father hed. She, naow, she could get up at four o'clock, help milk the caows, get breakfast for all on us eighteen children, do all the work 'beout the haouse without no extry help."

"Mother Katury wan't no slouch, either!" said Jonas.

"Haow?" asked Brother William, leaning his right ear near his brother.

Jonas repeated his remark a little louder. I ventured to introduce the subject of lightning-rods. Brother William seemed to be of a different way of thinking from his brothers. He was much more impressed with my "Incidents." I had to speak very loud to him, but my eloquence was not lost. When at nine o'clock the brothers rose and went off to bed, Brother William had half made up his mind to buy.

I strolled out in front of the house and lit another cigar. It was not long before the school-ma'am came walking up the path.

"Oh," she said, "it was your cigar—was it?"

"Yes," I answered, "it was!"

Then the school-ma'am told me that she hoped I did not hear any thing that went on.

"I heard him tell you he loved you," I said.

She looked at me quickly. "Do you believe him?" she asked.

"That is a strange question to ask me!" I said, astonished.

"You are a man of the world," she replied—"you know more than I do!"

I burst out laughing. "He looks like a splendid fellow," I said.

"He is! He is a great oarsman, he is in the University crew. He stands very high in his class. His family is very rich. His relatives very rich, too. His family live in Boston. But—"

I shook my head. "Then if that is all so," I said, "he is not in earnest."

She looked at me a moment, her breast heaving, her tears ready to flow. "I do not believe a word you can say," she cried, "but—"

"Aye, indeed," I said with a smile "'But'!"

She was very beautiful as she stood there in the moonlight. I almost pitied her. Without another word she turned and ran into the house.

It was Brother William who helped me put up the rods upon the barn. Upon the steep, shingly roofs the old man was as agile as a cat. I never saw better roof-climbing. I was gazing with silent admiration at Brother William as he carried the twisted lengths of rod along the ridge pole of the barn and holding the hammer in his mouth—his gums were very hard, I learned, and served him quite as well as aching, thankless teeth—I watched him not without a certain envy. He noticed my long-continued gaze and called out:

"Ye see, I save an extry man—a hull mornin's work by doin' it myself," he said.

Like the crow in the fable, he forgot the precious contents in his mouth. The hammer fell, he quickly sprang to catch it. It was too late! The old man fell also, bounded down the steep roof, struck upon the eave-trough, glanced off and fell, sheer, after the hammer, nearly thirty feet upon, fortunately, a pile of manure which broke his fall.

He rose, rubbed his shoulder a little. "Wa'al!" he cried up to me. I was gazing down at him horror-struck, expecting certainly he would be killed. "I almost think I'd rayther try the lightnin' next time!"

He didn't come up on the roof again, but sent Charles, the hired man, up. For the rest of the day, however, he worked with his usual energy in the fields. At noon, having finished the barn, I came in for dinner, intending to fix the house in the afternoon. It was a very hot day, and of all things roof-climbing is the hottest kind of an occupation. I felt not a little exhausted. It happened to be Friday. The school-ma'am usually gave herself a half holiday on Fridays. She came in looking hot and tired, nervous and—well, I will say it—cross. After dinner, a meat dinner, too, she was a little more cheerful. I came up to her and said:

"Would you believe it, my horse and red-wheeled buggy need exercising this afternoon."

"Perhaps," she said, "at four o'clock I will go with you."

At four o'clock I "hitched up" and drove my now freshened lively horse up and down the road past her window. In a moment or two she appeared at the door with her hat and a red shawl. She hesitated a moment and went back. Then I turned around. When I came in front of the house again, Mary Newman was at the gate to meet me.

We had not driven more than a couple of miles along the beautiful river road when Miss Newman gave a great start and clasped her hands together.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, turn around, turn around, turn around!" she cried breathlessly.

Then I saw what was the matter. The Knickerbocker gentleman was strolling along the road ahead of us with a gun on his shoulder. The road was very narrow just there and it was impossible to turn around, unless I drove up a perpendicular bank, and climbed a maple tree and backed down the other side.

"I can't turn around," I said, "but I can stop. He will soon disappear in the distance."

But he did not disappear in the distance. He turned about and looked at us. He recognized the red-wheeled buggy at once. We drove on briskly, the poor school-ma'am's face red as the buggy wheels. The Knickerbocker gentleman looked very gloomy. He touched his hat solemnly as we passed, with a defiant glance at me. After we had gone a little way the school-ma'am said:

"Oh dear! I had something I wished to say to him!"

I pulled up at once. I could see that she wished to explain to the student that it was purely by accident that she was riding with me in my lightning-rod buggy. At the same time the thought struck me that it would be but fair to give them both a "show"—for one am fond of fair play! As I pulled up I asked her a question.

"Why does he not come (like a man, I was about to add, but didn't), to the house, if he is sincere?"

"Because brother Amos and William, they hate him," said the school-ma'am.

"Oh," I said, "I see!"

Then I did, I must say, the very kind, accommodating, handsome thing. I waited a moment until the young man came up. I got out, pretending to have a desire to examine the river-bank, asked the young fellow to drive about a little for an hour until I came back. He stared at me somewhat dumfounded. However, he got in, leaving his gun and shot-pouch with me. He seemed very happy as he drove off.

As for me, finding the gun loaded, I climbed the fence and made for a piece of woods. Here I found one or two red squirrels, which I ruthlessly shot; a phœbe bird, also, and a small wren, a yellow bird and a blue jay—a pretty good hour's sport! When I came back to the road I could see nothing of my red buggy. I waited fully a half-hour over the time set. They did not come. I thought it was very strange that these young people should not come back at the precise minute set, and walked about in search of another bird to "bring down."

Finally I saw my red-wheeled buggy coming down the road. I went to meet it, squeezing my-self between two upright gate-posts. The school-ma'am face was radiant.

"Why," I said, "where have you been?"

"We have been to the Elysian fields," said the student, "where," he added, "we have been very happy."

In fact, I needed not to be told by the school-ma'am that, during that short but eventful ride in my advertising vehicle, a little contract between them had been made which if carried out, would eventually end in a life-long arrangement, which might possibly affect the welfare of future generations.

The next day, though Saturday, a full holiday, Miss Newman thought it her duty to spend at the school-'us. I had finished placing the lightning-rods on the house when, toward supper-time, she returned. She was in one of her nervous moods again. The family of the Knickerbocker gentleman had been told, had scouted the idea, had in fact put their foot down. Amos too, was more importunate. Her sister, whom she confided in, told her to beware of marriage, that it was a snare and a delusion—the poor widow had, I suspect, had a hard time of it. The old maids were suspicious of her and accused her of meetings with "that student." The latter had been already warned off the premises by Brother William.

"Why—don't you—elope?" I suggested to her after tea.

"That is what he says," she said, through her tears. "But I'm afraid!"

"You can meet at the school-'us. I will have a minister there; you can be married; I will drive you on to, say, Brattleboro, right afterward. He can sit up behind!"

"Oh, it would be glorious!" she cried, clapping her hands, "to outwit that horrid old Amos!"

The school-ma'am taught a little Sunday-school class at the school-'us Sabbath afternoons. That Sabbath afternoon following, the little boys and girls—eight of them, saw an unusual ceremony. The Knickerbocker gentleman was there, but in a very handsome suit. The children were not astonished at him, however, for he was often there Sunday afternoons, and all other afternoons in fact, as soon as school was out. They thought him the School Commissioner—in fact, he told them so in joke. But they were awe struck at the appearance of Rev. Mr. Robinson, riding up in a red-wheeled lightning-rod buggy, much too gayly decorated for his prim black ministerial suit. They looked at their teacher, whom they loved not a little, and were not entirely reassured by her blushing face.

The lesson was just over as we came up—Rev. Mr. Robinson and I. The young Harvard student was walking anxiously up and down in front of the school-'us. He seemed relieved when he saw us. I got out and hitched my horse to the fence.

The children were sitting on the well-worn wooden benches, with staring eyes and open mouths, as we entered. The poor school-ma'am seemed very much affected. It was her wish that her children might be witnesses to the marriage. She was taking them up in her arms and kissing them one by one and crying. They had never seen a wedding, although they had been present at many a funeral. Hence it was considered safe, as they would not understand the proceedings subsequent to the lesson, that they should be present. The school-ma'am wore her lavender colored silk, and looked even prettier than ever, if that were possible. They were married in front of her old teacher's desk before the little platform, where she had spent so many of her days, and where, too, she had first learned to love. They had no ring. The ceremony was somewhat hasty, and soon over. The fee was paid (an unusually large one), the blessing given, and (the most important afterpiece), a kiss of congratulation from her humble servant.

I got into the buggy, the school-ma'am kissed the children for the last time, locked the old door, gave the key to the minister, who (a kindly, benevolent gentleman) was to walk to the Sargents and announce, gently as possible, the marriage.

She got in by my side. The handsome student got up behind (he was quite willing to do so now). We rode rapidly away, and the little Vermont school-'us disappeared behind the hills forever.—*Josiah Judson, in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The Last Great Invention in Telegraphy.

THE Boston *Daily Advertiser* publishes a description of an improvement destined to revolutionize the present system of working submarine cables. The American Cable Company, formed for the purpose of introducing and carrying out these improvements, was formed in New York some time ago under the general laws of that State, and is composed of capitalists prominent in that city, with several Bostonians. It has been quietly and steadily progressing toward the end of its designs. Its purpose is to lay some 6,000 miles of superior cable, connecting New York City directly with five or six European countries, and the inventions under its control are American work, which have received the recommendation of Prof. Trowbridge, of Harvard; Prof. Silliman, of Yale; Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts; and many other scientific men. The work has been pursued with great secrecy, and from time to time it has been examined by several scientists, and during the meetings of the American Association by several of its most prominent members. The instruments have been set up in a large room in the Equitable Building, and a connection with a complete and fully-equipped ocean cable has been tested by the inventor and electricians of established reputation. The various apparatus form a new and complete system for working submarine cables and land line, and they are: A submarine repeater relay to be used in connection with the submarine repeaters, and by means of which the sound system, the type-printer, and the automatic system can be used on cables whereby the speed may be increased many fold over the present mode; type-printers of mechanical construction which are capable at their full capacity of printing fifty-eight Roman letters per second, or 3,480 per minute, or, allowing six letters for the average word, printing over 500 words per minute, while the practical speed is determined by the skill of the operator only; and instruments for working the automatic system on cables of the several inventions. Most important is the submarine repeater, to be submerged in mid-ocean. This consists of a bronze globe of some six inches in diameter, molded of a material which is supposed to be able to resist the action of salt water for 1,000 years. Inside this case or globe, hermetically sealed, is the simple mechanism which performs the functions of an office and two operators at the bottom of the sea in mid-ocean without the aid of human intervention at that point. By the use of the submarine repeater a cable of any length, say 2,000 miles, may be divided in the center into two circuits or lengths of 1,000 miles each, and thereby a working speed can be had, according to established electrical law, four times greater than on a circuit or cable of 2,000 miles. Consequently, one cable connected by the submarine repeater would be equal for effective work to any four of the present Atlantic cables. Another important fact is that this submarine repeater is to make it practicable to operate a cable twice the length of any present cable, say 5,000 miles in length, with the same speed as present cables are worked. Thus a cable might be worked between San Francisco and China, where the distance between landing points is too great for practicable or paying speed by the present system of cable working. The relays tran-mitting and receiving are to be used in connection with the submarine repeater. They are on an entirely new principle. The system of working the automatic instrument is most simple, more so than the Wheatstone, of the so-called "Fast Rapid." The number of words that can be sent over a cable by these new instruments is limited only by the number of impulses that can be sent through, and in the case of this new Company's cable it will be over 4,000 pulsations per minute.

Where Did Potatoes Come From?

NOBODY knows precisely where the potato came from originally. It has been found, apparently indigenous, in many parts of the world. Mr. Darwin, for instance, found it wild in the Chonos Archipelago. Sir W. J. Hooker says that it is common in Valparaiso, where it grows abundantly on the sandy hills near the sea. In Peru and other parts of South America it appears to be at home; and it is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Darwin should have noted it both in the humid forests of the Chonos Archipelago and among the central Chilian mountains, where sometimes rain does not fall for six months at a stretch. It was to the colonists whom Sir Walter Raleigh sent out in Elizabeth's reign that we are indebted for our potatoes.

Herriot, who went out with these colonists, and who wrote an account of his travels, makes what may, perhaps, be regarded as the earliest mention of this vegetable. Under the heading of "Roots," he mentions what he calls the "openawk." "These roots," he says "are sound, some large as a walnut, others much larger. They grow on damp soils, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes. They are good food, either boiled or roasted."

At the beginning of the seventeenth century this root was planted, as a curious exotic, in the gardens of the nobility, but it was long ere it came into general use. Many held them to be poisonous, and it would seem not altogether unreasonably so either. The potato is closely related to the deadly-nightshade and the mandrake, and from its stems and leaves may be extracted a very powerful narcotic. In England prejudice against it was for a long time very strong, especially among the poor.—*Harper's Young People.*

DR. TANNER crops up in the pages of nearly every English periodical, and will be referred to in every new encyclopædia and thousands of medical works. If he has not got money, he has got in six weeks as world-wide a reputation as Wellington or Byron in as many years.

PITH AND POINT.

THE man who sighs: "How soon we are forgotten!" has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find how sadly mistaken he is.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE was a small boy had some powder,
And in trying to make it go louder,
He succeeded so well.
That his friends couldn't tell
His remains from a dish of clam chowder.
—*Yale Record.*

WHEN the impatient public intimates that Edison's electric light is a failure, does the l. p. ever stop to think that there are stars from which light requires 6,000 years to reach our globe? Edison may be one of those stars.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MEDDLESOME old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant and said: "I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue, either," was the quiet rejoinder.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A GALVESTON school-teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, remarked to the boy, "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."—*Galveston News.*

SWEETLY sings a nineteenth century poet: "What will heal my bleeding heart?" Lint, man, lint; put on a plenty of lint. Or, hold a cold door key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip and hold up your left arm. This last remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A MANUFACTORY for turning out boneless codfish has been established in Boston. It is an industry that should be encouraged, and it should also be persuaded to include shad in its products. If it can capture all the shad in our rivers, remove the bones and then replace the fish in the waters, it will have accomplished a greater work in the cause of religion than if it had built a cathedral costing $10,000,000. A boneless shad would not encourage profane thoughts at the breakfast table and make more backsliders in a month than could be reconverted in a year.—*Norristown Herald.*

Curiosities of Canine Nomenclature.

A WOMAN got into a Cass Avenue car yesterday, accompanied by five children and a lot of bundles and baskets, which she at once distributed among the feet of the passengers. Then she turned to the eldest of the children and asked, breathlessly:

"Where's Julia and Horace?"

"They're comin', ma, all right."

The car went slowly on and barely stopped at the top of the hill to admit a little black alpaca woman, who was greeted noisily with:

"Where's Horace?"

"Oh, he's comin'. Gimme a seat—he'll ketch up directly."

The passengers were beginning to get interested in the numerals of the family, and the car had moved on a block or two further when there was a sudden commotion among the new-comers, and they all screeched in chorus:

"Why, there's Horace!"

Shades of the Latin poets! Horace was a long, lean, hungry cur—a "yellow dorg"—and as he came tumbling in, hard-breathed and dusty, the passengers drew up their feet and determined to be civil to that one member of the family at least.

Down on the banks of the Detroit River on the Canada side there is a picturesque little cabin where a numerous colored family live in that sweet abandon of nature for which such people are famous; when the evening meal of mush and milk is smoking on the board—literally a board—the turbaned mother of the young barbarians appears in the doorway, and shading her perspiring brow looks off into the sunset with a view hallo, as follows:

"Albert Ed-ward—*Cornwallis*—Wellington—Vic-toria! come right yere to yer supper this blessed minit!"

In an incredibly short space of time the pickaninnies appear on the home-stretch, and the one that makes the best time getting in is Victoria, a little, howling, bandy-legged dog that was "raised with the other chillen."

What's in a name? Romeo and Juliet are a pair of Yorkshire hounds, owned by Mr. Lincoln, of this city. The imperial Cæsars of dogdom are found every where. Marc Antony makes night hideous on Woodbridge Street.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart see—

Cleopatra, an imported grayhound, has her name curtailed by usage to Cleo, but on the books of the bench it rhymes forth in all its queenly dignity.

At the last dog-show in New York City the kennel in which Lady Jane Grey was domiciled was marked "dangerous," as her ladyship did not like strangers. Mrs. Partington named her dog "Moreover," from the Bible, "Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores."

The dogs of war, dogs of history, and dogs of poetry furnish many curious and some familiar names. "Maida," Sir Walter Scott's gigantic hound, has been copied so often from Landseer's original painting that even her features are familiar. And what child does not know of the faithful Gelert, who killed the wolf by the cradle of his master's sleeping child, and was himself sacrificed before he could explain that the child was safe under its overturned bed?

O, where does the faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home
A lion in the chase
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Trowbridge begins his fine poem "The Vagabonds:"

We are two travelers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog.

"Bob" was a dog belonging to a fire company of London, and was accustomed to run up ladders into burning houses; he, too, has been immortalized in verse:

Show me where poor Bob is buried;
I should like to see his grave.

"Me dog Schneider" runs through the memories we keep of Jefferson with a wonderfully sweet thrill.

There are names sacred to dogs. Boz was a favorite name for English dogs thirty years ago. Rover is always a popular name for mastiffs. Prince, Lion, Tiger, Ponto and Carlo have long been names familiar to the watch-dog tribe. Fido and Jip are pet names for spaniels. Dora, the child-wife of David Copperfield, and her little dog Jip, make the prettiest picture of the book: Jip sitting on two legs on the hated account book which that prig David insisted on Dora's studying; and then the last sad glimpse of the two friends.

"I couldn't have any other dog but Jip," said Dora; "it would be so unkind to Jip."

Oh! Jip it may be never again.

"He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out, and with a plaintive cry is dead."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Young Folks.

AN EASILY-SOLVED RIDDLE.

Riddle me! riddle me! riddle-me-ree!
Who will unravel my riddle for me!
A monster, a terrible monster it seems—
Did I see it while waking, or only in dreams?—
That flies on its track
With a crash and a thwack
And a roar as of thunder and lightning, good luck!
One eye in its head
Glowing brilliant and red,
'Twas a thing to look at with fear and dread:
With a mouth that feeds upon coal and coke,
And a breath that belches out flame and smoke;
With a body so long, and thick, and black,
And a bell tight fastened above its back—
It was tougher to look at than bone and gristle,
And whenever it spoke it could only whistle!
Twelve great feet, both black and strong,
Carried its terrible frame along—
Six on the left and six on the right,
Running together with all their might,
With a mighty sound as if winds were rushing
And tempests crushing;
With a monstrous rumbling
And awful grumbling;
With a mighty wheezing
Of breathing and sneezing;
With a whistle and squeak,
And a snort and a shriek,
And a terrific pother
Of noise and of bother;
With a wonderful rattle, and din, and shaking
As if every bone in its body were aching;
With a jerk on heels and a bounce on toes—
This is the way that the monster goes!
But in spite of his strength and noise and size
The creature is really kind and wise:
At a single touch, or a single click,
He'll go like a rocket, or stop like a stick;
He'll carry some hundreds of boys or more
Out to a picnic, or down to the shore;
If girls just ask him, the jolly old duffer
Will drop them at grandma's in time for their supper;
Give him a drink, and just tighten his girth,
He'll bring you your friends from the ends of the earth;
Give him his favorite meal of coals,
And fast and as far as the telegraph poles
He'll bring you sweet oranges up from the south,
Grapes from the east that will melt in your mouth,
Wine from the south that will fly to your head,
Corn for your muffins and wheat for your bread—
Everything beautiful, precious and sweet,
Everything wondrous to see and to eat,
Everything useful to sell and to buy,
This monster will bring in the wink of an eye!
Now Riddle me! riddle me! riddle-me-ree!
Who will unravel this riddle for me!
—*Wide-Awake.*

SAVING AND WASTING TIME.

WHEN people say that they are doing this or that "to pass away the time," they forget that "time is the stuff life is made of."

Wasting time is the same thing as wasting life, and those who know how to economize time have learned the only possible way of lengthening their lives.

Almost every one has observed that some persons are able to accomplish a great deal, while others, who have as favorable opportunities, equal talent, and as good health as they, do very little. Now, one person has really no more time than another, only he chooses to use it differently.

When you read the lives of famous persons, you will always find that they have been great workers. The celebrated Madame Roland was not only a politician and a scholar, but a housekeeper. In her "Appeal to Posterity," she says: "Those who know how to employ themselves always find leisure moments, while those who do nothing are in want of time for everything."

Mrs. Somerville, the famous astronomer, knew how to crowd a great deal into life. Young people are apt to suppose that one who was as learned as she was must have spent all her life in hard study, and have had a very stupid time. But Mrs. Somerville learned to use her moments so carefully that she had time for many things besides her mathematics. She went into very brilliant society, read and wrote much, and —let me whisper to the girls—found time to make her own dresses and attend to many domestic duties, which some people would consider unworthy the attention of a great and learned mind. What helped her most, in all these varied employments, was that she had the power of so concentrating her attention upon what she was doing, that nothing going on around her could distract her thoughts.

It is true that all cannot do this, if they try ever so hard; but many who have not formed the habit of concentrating attention cannot read to themselves or write an ordinary letter where others are talking.

Another good way of saving time is to learn to move quickly, not forgetting, however, that there is a kind of "haste" which "makes waste." Try to acquire a dexterity in doing those common things which must be done very frequently. For instance, the operation of dressing has to be gone through by all, many times in the course of a year, yet some people are always dressed at the appointed time, while others, who have been busy as long as they, are sure to be behind-hand, because they have a habit of dawdling.

Whatever you have to do, learn first to do it in the best way, and then to be as little while about it as is consistent with doing it properly.

Those who take care of the moments find that the hours take care of themselves.

Some people keep up a large correspondence by writing letters in their odd moments, while others are always burdened with unanswered letters, and when they do write, are sure to take time which makes it necessary for them to neglect some more important duty.

Another good rule is, not to try to do too many things at a time. There is a very pretty story by Jane Taylor, called "Busy Idleness," which illustrates this. It is an account of two sisters, one of whom worked hard for two weeks to accomplish nothing but a collection of beginnings, all of very useful things, but not one complete; while the other, without half the trouble, had really done a good deal by not attempting more than she was able to finish.

We waste more time in waiting for ourselves than we do in waiting for others, and after we have done one thing, we are often so long in deciding what to take up next, that when we have decided, the time is gone which we ought to have given to it. But those who are always ready to pass quickly from one occupation to another, will have accomplished all they had intended, while we have been thinking what to be at. If you have some definite idea in the morning of what you mean to do during the day, whether in work or play, you will do more than you will if you simply pass from one thing to another with no plan; and you will be more likely to do things at the proper time.

Another help to save time, is the habit of keeping things where they belong, so that you will not waste precious moments in looking for them. Have at least two books always in reading—one which does not require very close attention, for leisure moments, when you do not feel like doing much, and one solid one, which requires more continuous thought. I suppose this was the plan of the old lady who always sent to the library for "a sermon book, and another book."

It is surprising how much can be acquired by giving a little time each day to systematic reading. The story is often told of the young man who read through Macaulays' History of England, and was surprised at ending so soon, by a habit of reading a few pages each day while he was waiting for his dinner. Of course, the same rule applies to other things as well as to reading.

Do not imagine, after all this, that simply because you are always doing something you are industrious. You may be worse than idle if you are wasting not only time but eye-sight and materials. Work must be to some purpose to be worthy of the name. It may be better to be idle all day than to be reading trash or straining your eyes and nerves over some intricate and useless piece of needle-work, "red with the blood of murdered time." Many of these things are made only "to give away," because people are too indolent to think of any gift more useful or appropriate. A simple, inexpensive present, which shows that you have thought of what your friend would like best, is better than a very costly and elaborate one which is only made from a wish to get rid of an obligation, and which misuses time in the making.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might, whether it be croquet, or arithmetic, or base-ball, or worsted work. If a boy is thinking of his Latin lesson when he ought to be striking a ball, he will probably be thinking of the game when he ought to be saying "*Sum, es, est,*" and the result will be that he will have neither a good lesson nor a good score.

Now, perhaps, you will say that all this advice is of no use to you, because you have all the time you want now; but you must not forget that there are a great many people in the world who find it hard work to crowd into a day all that it is necessary for them to do, and they would be very glad to have you give some of your leisure to them. Unemployed time is a sure indication of neglected duty. Even the ant, in the old nursery rhyme, says:

"I always find something or other to do,
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

When you have not enough to occupy you, look among your circle of acquaintances, and see who of them needs to have you "lend a hand."—*Susan Anna Brown, in St. Nicholas.*

The Story that Was Told to Meta Rose.

"NOW, META ROSE," said Mamie, to the flaxen-haired dolly, "if you will sit very still, and not muss your pink dress, I will tell you a story.

"It isn't a wrong story, Meta Rose, and it isn't a made-up story. It's just a really, truly story, about what happened to a little girl; are you listening, Meta Rose?" giving the pink-robed lassie a little shake.

"Well, once on a time there was a little girl about as big as me. She lived in a pretty house, with her papa and mamma and her big brother and sister; but she wasn't a bit happy, no, not a single bit!

"All the little girls in story-books have golden curls, and most all real little girls have light brown hair or black hair; but this little girl's hair wasn't like anybody else's—it was red! Just think of that, Meta Rose! What should you do if your hair was red, instead of light and fluffy?

"But this little girl wouldn't have felt so very bad about it, only her mamma wouldn't let her wear it long and crimped like the other little girls she played with. No, her papa took her to the barber's one day, and he cut it off just as close with some horrid, great scissors, and then he brushed it down smooth and tight without putting the least mite of curl in it, and the little girl went home and cried and cried and cried!

"And her brother said, 'What makes you cry, Red-Top?' and that made her cry all the harder. And that's all about her hair!

"Then this little girl's nose wasn't straight and pretty, so folks wouldn't keep talking about it, like other little girls' noses. It was real short and turned up at the end, and everybody that came to see her mamma said, 'Where did she get such a pug nose?'

"And when her sister got mad at her she called her 'Puggy,' which made the little girl feel real bad, and sometimes when her sister wasn't looking she'd cry. And that's all about her nose!

"This little girl's face wasn't all nice and white, with just pink cheeks, like yours, Meta Rose. It was freckled all over, and she could never run out doors without her hat, like other little girls, for her mamma'd always say:

"'Don't forget your hat! I believe I must make that child a sun-bonnet; she's getting so freckled she won't be fit to be seen.'

"Sometimes her papa called her Spotty, for fun; but it never was funny a bit, Meta Rose. And that's all about her freckles!

"Then there was one other dreadful thing that made the little girl feel so bad, and that was—she was fat!

"Everybody said, 'What a little dump you are!' and one day her sister said, 'Come, little Fatty, run up stairs and get my book;' and when the little girl got up stairs she went and hid in the garret and cried and cried!

"Big folks don't seem to think little girls have any feelings, Meta Rose, and they keep hurting them every day.

"When I get to be big and see anybody with red hair and freckles and a little pug nose and real fat, I'll say, 'You're just a darling, and I love you as well as if you had yellow, curly hair and looked like other little girls;' and then won't that little girl be glad!

"But nobody knows that this little girl cares if they do call her Spotty and Puggy and Red-Top, because she's so pre-oud that she laughs as hard when it's all cry inside. And that's the end of the story, Meta Rose, and it's every word true."

Mamie's hair is just as bright a color as it was on the day she told her dolly this long story about herself, and it will be many months before it will be long enough to fall in glossy waves over her plump shoulders.

But she does not seem to be unhappy about it any more, for her brother never calls her Red-Top now.

Her dimpled face shows as many freckles as it used, but papa never reminds his little girl of them by calling her Spotty. No one would suppose he ever noticed them.

Mamie's roly-poly figure has grown no more slender since that day, and her nose turns up as abruptly as ever; but the nicknames of Fatty and Puggy seem to be forgotten, and the little girl is as light-hearted and merry as any of her fair-haired, freckleless playmates.

It may be that somebody stole softly up-stairs one afternoon and overheard the story that was told to Meta Rose.—*Mabel C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.*

TEACHER with reading class.—Boy (reading): "And as she sailed down the river ——" Teacher—"Why are ships called 'she'?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex): "Because they need men to manage them."